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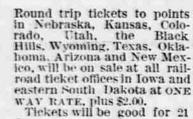
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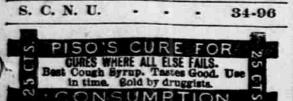
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worthy ambition. Their two older the swaying form of the other. boys were so utterly different. Fred had been graduated from Yale with gret swept over the motionless crowd. highest honors, and Horace was making remarkable progress at the Sci- they breathed; "they will both be killentific School; in fact, they were both ed-oh, the pity of it!" exceptionally fine students, which

brothers. He seemed to labor under thrown him flat upon the ground bethe impression that he had been sent tween the tracks, for all the world to college simply and solely for the quite as if he had been an opponent on purpose of learning to play foot ball. | the football field; then he dropped light-Apparently nothing else had power to ly on top of him and lay there motionkindle the slightest enthusiasm in bis less, while the two trains thundered sluggish breast, and his father and mother argued and expostulated with him in vain.

"You are frittering away your valuable time," they argued again and again, "and are letting slip golden opportunities which, once gone, will never after all; yet as Roger jumped up and come back to you; and what have you to show for it all but a broken nose and a fractured collar-bone?"

"Is there any prospective benefit to | field rang in his ears. be derived from these hours spent in scrambling after a foot ball?" his father questioned, severely; to which Roger merely responded in his usual off-hand style: "Why knows but I may be elected captain of the 'varsity team next year?"

"Is that the height of your ambition?" his parent returned bitterly. "I am terribly disappointed in you, sir. Are you to go on playing foot-ball forto make of your life? Perhaps you knocked the old duffer over," and he ball player will prove an 'open sesame' sium. to all desirable positions? Do you suppose that anyone wants a fellow who ties? I had hoped to make a professional man of you, not a professional ath- Sunday under the parental roof tree. lete, and had even aspired to seeing you some day in our leading law office with my old friend, Wilkinson Smalley, but it's no use. Smalley wants only young men of the highest promise," and Mr. Bartlett sighed wear-

"It does no good to talk to Roger." he confided to his wife afterward, "for hardly ten minutes had elapsed after I had been remonstrating with him about the evils of foot ball before he inquired if I wouldn't bring you down to see the game on Saturday, and informed me that he had saved two tick-

Mrs. Bartlett regarded her husband helplessly. "What did you say to him then?" she queried.

ets for us."

"I told him 'certainly not,' " Mr. Bartlett exclaimed warmly, "and I expressed my surprise at his daring to suggest such a thing. Show me some lasting benefit, or any abiding good, that is to be derived from this ridiculous game, I told him, and then come to me to abet you in such folly, but not

And so Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett failed to witness that memorable game in which their youngest son gained for himself such enviable laurels. Once in the field, Roger was like one transformed. Keen, alert, cool, rising splendidly to every emergency, no one would have known him for the same slow, indifferent, easy-going specimen of humanity who grieved the ambitious souls of his parents by his small aptitude

Not that Roger was by any means a dunce, for his class standing was fairly good, but what pained his father and mother was the recognition of what he might have accomplished had it not been for the arch-enemy, foot ball.

The great game over, the victorious team hastened back to their gymna- as follows: sium with all possible speed; they had some little distance to go, as the gymthey were obliged to traverse the cenroad tracks.

Roger, who had been detained a moment or so longer than the others, reached the station a short time after they had crossed, and found the platforms crowded with people who were returning from the game, mingled with those who were alighting from incoming trains. As he stepped upon the platform he became conscious that something unusual was going on, and he immediately perceived that the eyes of the multitude were riveted upon a figure half-way across the tracks, a fig-

ure pausing there in bewilderment. "There's a train coming each way." somebody gasped; "why doesn't he get off the track?"

The station agent and one or two other officials were shouting loudly, but the man, who was old and very deaf, appeared thoroughly dazed. As he was preparing to step upon the track nearest him he caught sight of one train coming down upon him, and he now staggered back and was about to plunge in front of the other downcoming express, when suddenly some-

thing very unexpected happened. As the crowd of bystanders shrank back with horror-stricken faces, convinced that they were about to witness the horrible fate which must instantly

T WAS a great cross to Mr. and | much-begrimed canvas jacket sprang Mrs. Bartlett that Roger was ap- out from among them, and clearing parently quite devoid of any the tracks at a bound alighted beside

A shudder, and a wave of pitiful re-"He can never drag him back in time,"

But our football man had no thought made the contrast all the more strik- of dragging the unsteady figure in front of either approaching engine. In an For Roger was sadly unlike his instant he had tackled the man and past on each side of them, and the crowd stood waiting spell-bound.

In much less time than it takes to describe the episode it was over, and what might have been a tragedy had proved to be only a bit of melodrama pulled the old man on to his feet, applause and cheers louder than any that had greeted him on the football

Abashed and quite overwhelmed by such an ovation Roger made haste to elbow his way through the crowd, and in so doing nearly overthrew his own brother Fred, who happened to be standing directly in his path.

"For heaven's sake was that you, Roger?" he cried, confronting him in astonishment.

"Do let me get out of this," his brother responded impatiently, "they ever and ever, or what do you propose needn't make such a fuss because I think that your reputation as a foot bolted in the direction of the gymna-

Saturday night generally brought the scattered members of the Bartlett famhas willfully wasted his best opportuni- ily together, as the collegians always made a point of coming home to spend

On this particular Sunday evening all were assembled before Roger came in. Fred was all agog to describe the scene that he had witnessed, but he unselfishly held his tongue. "I'll not spoil his story for him, but will give him a chance to do justice to it," he mentally ejaculated, as he watched his brother swallowing his soup with unruffled composure.

But Roger said nothing about the vital subject, and Fred looking at him with increasing surprise as he judicially set forth the respective merits of the opposing football teams, and called attention to their most vulnerable points.

"I'll turn in early to-night, I think," he yawned, as he withdrew from the dining room. "I put pretty solid work into the last half of that game," and he leisurely wended his way upstairs.

"I wish that Roger would put a little solid work into something else," his father volunteered, as he disappeared from the room.

At this Fred, who had in times past repeatedly scoffed at his brother's athletic proclivities, instantly fired up.

"Father," he burst forth, "you're making a big mistake about Roger. He's got more genuine stuff in him than all the rest of us put together, and if it's football that's done it, the sooner we all go in for the game the better;" and then he proceeded to give a graphic account of the afternoon's experience, which caused his father to blow his nose loudly and repeatedly, while his eyes glistened with happy pride, and sent his mother weeping in search of the sleepy athlete, who couldn't understand what he had done that was worth making such a fuss

A few days later Mr. Bartlett I. ceived a note from his old friend Wilkinson Smalley, which ran somewhat

"Dear Bartlett-I hear that your Roger is going in for the law, and if so. nasium was not very near the ball I want him. When he gets through grounds, so that in order to reach it with the law school you can hand him over to me, for he's just the material ter of the town and cross the rail- that I'm on the lookout for, and you

may well be proud of him. "He scared me out of a year's growth the other afternoon, at the station, the young rascal, but in spite of that, I wish you would tell him to come round and take dinner with me some night, for I want to talk to him. "With kind regards to Mrs. Bartlett, believe me, ever your friend,

"WILKINSON SMALLEY." When Roger came home the following Saturday, his father handed him the note, remarking: "I'm afraid I haven't appreciated your football, old man, but I'm going to do better in future; and, by the way, Roger, I hear that you're to play in the game at Springfield next week; is that so?"

Roger nodded. "Very well, then," Mr. Bartlett continued, "your mother and I would like to have you get us the best seats that can be bought, for we've set our hearts upon going up to see you make the first touchdown."-Toledo Blade.

Watts-Been reading anything about these Cuban atrocities? Potts-No. I've got a box of them at home yet that my wife bought three months ago from an alleged smuggler.-Cincinnati

No wonder bees are profitable; they overtake the old man, a figure in a steal all they eat from the neighbors.

Legend of the Strawberry.

Did you ever, being hungry, try to satisfy your appetite with strawber- them, and they will lay up for themries alone, unaccompanied by sugar. cream or any of the usual adjuncts. If so, you discovered that it was impossible, for there is no nourishment in the strawbery itself.

The Germans explain this by a pious legend which we will give in substance: A little child had strayed off into the panied by hurtful reflex nervous action. Both fields. He came upon a place where nature's floor was enameled with bright, scarlet berries.

He sat down on the ground and began eating greedily.

sweet. The child was eating thus when | call acquiring experience. the Virgin Mary called to him.

He ate on and would not stop to make answer. The virgin called out to him again and again, but the greedy child feasted on and answered never

Then the virgin emerged from her hiding place and confronted him.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Eating," he answered curtly. "What are you eating?"

"Nothing," he answered, to make the story short.

"So let it be then," replied the irate virgin. "Strawberries shall henceforth be as nothing to him who seeks to satisfy the cravings of his stomach.

That is why you may eat and eat, and strawberries will never satisfy your hunger. Through the greed of a child the luscious strawberry was cursed with emptiness.-Salon.

American Girl Who Surprised Paris. The fete recently given by the Countess Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, was one of the most elaborate ever seen in Paris. Three thousand invitations were issued, and the cost of the fete was not far from \$100,000. The event was planned to reproduce the fifth day of the fetes celebrated at Versailles on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV. with Marie Theresa of Austria. An army of workmen were employed for a week preparing fireworks and transforming the grounds of the residence in the Cercle des Acacias. on the avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The fete opened with a dinner, accompanying which was a series of surprises. On a raised platform 600 coryphees, chorus men and women and the musicians of the opera, reproduced the choruses and dances of the 17th century. After the fireworks there was dancing, and the entertainment closed with a grand supper

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War Over a Trivial Cause.

In 1654 a Polish nobleman became abnoxious to the laws of the country. He fled to Sweden, whereupon John Cassimir, king of Poland, wrote to Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, demanding the extradition of the criminal. The King of Sweden, on reading the dispatch, noticed that his own name and title were followed by only two etceteras, while the name of the King of Poland was followed by three. The missing etcetera so enraged the King of Sweden that he at once declared war against Poland. This war was carried on with great bitterness until 1660. when a peace was signed at Olivia, near

Special Hot Springs, S. D., Excursion July 31st, August 14th and August 28th, ickets will be sold from Sioux City to Hot Springs and return, good 30 days, at

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A Pretty Old Turtle.

The other day a monster land turtle crawled into farm yard near Elkdale. Pa. The farmer's boys, by hard scrubbing, were able to decipher upon the creature's shell the date: "July 4, 1850." A farmer living ten miles distant carved the inscription. The boys have carved a second inscription: "William McKinley, President, March 4, 1897," and set the turtle at liberty

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Society Women Who Collect Fans. One of the fans which Mrs. Almeric Paget inherited from her mother, Mrs. Whitney, has gold and ivory sticks, a lace mount, and is valued at the trifling sum of \$1,000. Among enthusiastic collectors of fans are Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. Seward Webb, who own fortunes in these fluttering bau-

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other scaps would be if given to you, for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbins'. Take no other Take no other.

Almost the only monument of the Roman dominion in Egypt, the fortress of Babylon, at old Cairo, is being torn down to make way for modern build-

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Symup for Children teething: softens the gums, reduces inflammation aliays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A Boise, Idaho, man having advertised he would not be responsible for debts contracted by his wife, she retorts that "he never paid any of my bills for my clothes or anything else in the nineteen years I have been married to him. He is now walking around town with a suit of clothes on that I paid \$15 for."

Educating your children is investing at a high rate of dividend. Lay up in

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With nervousness, take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and tranquillizes the nervous system. The basis of recovery is a reform in errors of digestion. The epigastric nerve and brain are united in the closest bond of sympathy, so that dyspeptic symptoms in the gastric region are always accomare remedled by the Bitters, which also cures malaria, billousness, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

We spend the second half of life in mowing down in our hearts all that we The berries were large and juicy and grew there in the first half; and this we Personal.

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A Chesterville, Maine, couple recently celebrated their golden wedding in the very house into which they moved on their wedding day, fifty years before.

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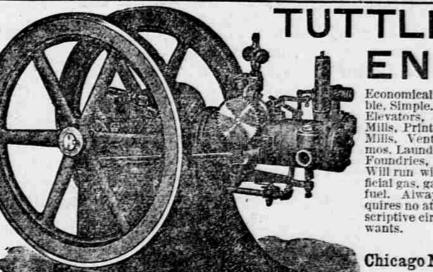
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